

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1878.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS: One copy, one year, \$1.50. In advance, \$1.25. If not paid within six months, 2.50. These prices are invariable. Remit by post-office money order, or by registered letter.

CONTRIBUTIONS. All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in communications.

Contributions, Subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

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Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

RALLY TO THE JOURNAL'S SUPPORT.

Fellow mutes, your careful, calm, unbiased attention is called to a few important suggestions which we beg leave to bring to your notice in regard to our paper, hoping they may prove worthy of your consideration, and that some of the hints therein contained may prove beneficial not only to yourselves, but also to the proprietor of the JOURNAL.

We will suppose, and that not without many statistics to support the conclusion, that there are in the United States of America at least twenty thousand enlightened deaf-mutes, of adult age, of whom there can, at the least calculation, be no less than fifteen thousand sufficiently educated to entertain more than a casual interest in the current events of the day, and every one of whom, even at a minimum literary estimation, should be a reader of certainly one weekly newspaper. Assuming, from the well-known laws of universal nature, that like conditions of humanity converge towards each other, by common inherent intuition, the deduction arrived at would seem to be that this class of newspaper readers instinctively yearn for reading matter of a character that embraces subjects of direct personal consequence to each and all of them.

With a wide margin to spare, we will allow the male portion of the above number of educated deaf and dumb to outnumber the female portion by one hundred per cent.; we then have ten thousand, of whom one half are males and the other females, making, at the very lowest estimate, five thousand males old enough to be interested in the current events of our country and of the world, whose natural tastes and sympathetic feelings, without a shadow of doubt, incline to the perusal of deaf-mute literature, without counting any of the female deaf-mute population, (God bless you ladies, you shall not be overlooked nor slighted,) a large number of whom are able and willing to take a good paper, (and pay for it regularly) and quite a number of them are regular subscribers of the JOURNAL, already, and seldom if ever disappoint the editor by not paying their subscriptions promptly.

This number of staunch yeoman, of the deaf and dumb class, should, in keeping pace with the progress of the age, be possessors of not less than one paper, published as often as once a week, and, as experience teaches that a good article is much cheaper than one of an inferior merit, and as they are by nature invested with a craving literary appetite for deaf-mute reading, sound reason would seem to lead them to patronize a paper which affords the most and best reading matter of the peculiar kind the perusal of which they feel the most desirous. Such a paper, in every respect, is the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, the acknowledged champion of deaf-mute news of America, if not of the world. Its characteristic features are universal, and it is not hampered by church nor sectarianism, its principles—the greatest good to the greatest number of deaf-mutes—having been firmly sustained since the earliest era of its publication, as is evidenced by the numerous testimonials, both public and private, heretofore published and now in our possession, which we have from time to time received, voluntarily on the part of the writers, from men and women of high standing, both of the deaf-mute and hearing, classes. For the deaf and dumb to rally, then, to the support of the JOURNAL, the only deaf-mute publication, which has the proportions of a newspaper, independent of any deaf-mute institution, is not only a wise and politic measure, but is also a profitable investment, and right; besides, the JOURNAL is,

and always has been, accomplishing untold good for the deaf-mutes of this country by the elevation of their literary and moral standard.

When it is considered that, at the unusually low price of \$1.50 a year, each subscriber's JOURNAL costs him or her only the small sum of about three cents a week, simply a nominal and insignificant sum, which but very few adult male deaf-mutes of brain and muscle are too poor to lay by for that purpose, (many of them spend at least ten times that amount for cigars and tobacco, and some, we are sorry to say, much more for drink,) it is a burning shame that so many plead poverty when asked to subscribe for a paper, when every dollar thus expended, in paying for the JOURNAL, is actually putting two dollars into their own pockets.

The extremely low price of our paper, considering its large amount of valuable reading matter in which all deaf-mutes are vitally interested, should have heretofore induced many more of our people to become its patrons; but its auxiliary plan, recently inaugurated, now presents even greater inducements for subscribers to rally to its support. The deaf and dumb readers of newspapers in this country have abundant reason for taking pride in the publication of a paper of the stamp of the JOURNAL, and it is also a matter of policy that they aid it by their patronage, and as many subscriptions from their speaking friends as may possibly be obtained, to an extent that will at least make it self-supporting; and establish it on a basis so firm and perpetual that it shall, also, be capable of paying its editor for his labor and brain work which he is so freely expending for the general good of his fellow mutes.

It is but justice to ourselves to state, for the information of any who may entertain opinions to the contrary, that the JOURNAL is not published in the interest of any church, clique or party, but in every respect as a literary organ devoted to the general interests of the deaf and dumb, and the paper as it has been will continue to be a firm advocate for the rights of the deaf and dumb, and a bold champion at all times for their cause.

We now earnestly entreat of the deaf and dumb to rise to the liberal support of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, and place it beyond any probability of financial failure. To this end your kind assistance is earnestly solicited to do all you can for it not only by renewing promptly, but also by inducing as many as possible of your friends, both deaf-mute and hearing, to help swell our subscription lists to at least three thousand. This can easily be accomplished if all of our present subscribers will keep up their own subscriptions and use their influence at all times while among their friends in speaking a good word for our paper.

With three thousand cash subscribers for the JOURNAL, the auxiliary plan—on the basis of twenty-five cents from each subscription—will give a sum of \$750 to the heirs or assignees of any deceased subscriber, or a portion of that amount should more than one subscriber die within one year. This plan acts somewhat after the manner of a life insurance, with the difference of expense to the insured; for while life insurance, policy-holders have to pay largely for their prospective chances of improved finances for their families or other friends, the cost of being a beneficiary of our plan practically costs nothing.

A service for deaf-mutes will be conducted by the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet in Bethesda Church, Saratoga Springs, on Sunday, the 11th of August at 3 P. M. It is hoped that deaf-mutes in the neighboring towns will be able to attend as well as those living in Saratoga.

A Table, For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

JULY 28th, 1878.

MORNING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 28th day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson—Exodus iii.

2d Lesson—Acts xvii.

English Lectionary.

1st Lesson—2d Samuel i.

2d Lesson—Acts xxvii.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the sixth Sunday after Trinity.

EVENING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 28th day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson—Exodus v.

2d Lesson—Hebrews xi.

English Lectionary.

1st Lesson—2d Samuel xii. 1-24 and xviii.

2d Lesson—Matthew xiv. 1-13.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the sixth Sunday after Trinity.

Bonds irredeemable—Vaga-bonds.

EDITORIAL BREVITIES.

An agent of the British Foreign Bible Society was recently stoned to death in Mexico—not heretofore.

California expects to realize an increase over last year of twenty-six million dollars on her wheat crop alone. "All aboard for California."

The Empress of Germany sent an autograph letter to General Grant, expressing the Emperor's regret that he had been unable to receive the ex-President during his stay in Berlin.

The Shah of Persia, during his late residence in Persia, received 5,400 letters asking sums of from \$1,000 to \$1,000,000, either as gifts or loans. But the old fool didn't shell out worth a cent.

Two thousand American cattle is the average weekly number arriving at Liverpool per steamer, and in that city's cattle market the American animals have for weeks greatly predominated.

The Princess of Wales, her brother, the Crown Prince of Denmark, and the heir to the throne of Belgium, are all deaf, yet have failed as yet to send in their subscriptions to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

A lady in Edinburgh, Ind., lost her speech a few months ago, and has just recovered it through the accidental swallowing of a chunk of ice. But if swallowing an iceberg purposely would effect the same result, we know of some who would attempt it.

A Pole of Warsaw has just discovered a method of taking entire clay casts of the living body, without the slightest injury. Hitherto such could only be had of corpses, and hence the new discovery promises to be extremely advantageous to sculptors.

Chase, who stole half a million dollars or so from a Fall River mill firm, is now scullery man in the State prison kitchen, and spends his days peeling and quartering potatoes. This seems somewhat strange, but it is accounted for by the fact that he was no politician.

It was decided recently in an English court, in a case involving the legal kinship of relatives, that a brother is nearer of kin to a sister than is the father. Young men, when "financially embarrassed," will hereafter appeal to their sisters for relief, and not trouble distant relatives.

There are 50,000 sick soldiers in the Russian armies of Europe and Asia at the present time. Typhoid, small-pox and dysentery are the principal maladies. Surgeons are very scarce, sixty-two having died within the past few weeks, and one hundred more have reached home broken in health.

Recently, the master of the Communists of California, and who threatens to come East before long, to arouse the dormant spirits of New York, Mexico and other important points, thus opens his speech to the downtrodden: "Fellow-bulldogs, mutton-heads, mudsills—homeless, homeless vagabonds," &c.

A well-known London publishing house has decided to set apart a sum of money every year from their profits for the benefit of its employees. Five hundred dollars will be paid to families of clerks and workmen who die in their service after remaining with them seven years. We are glad to see that our Auxiliary plan is inducing others to adopt similar modes of aiding the families of the worthy and wise.

Edward Kimball, the great church debt raiser, has helped thirty churches to the amount of \$1,500,000. One of his latest achievements was raising \$25,000 for the Berkeley Street Church of Boston, which had been hampered with debt for the last fifty years. As he has been so successful with delinquent church members in regard to wiping out their church debts, he might now turn his attention to delinquent newspaper subscribers.

Severe cases of smutstroke very often prove fatal. It therefore behooves those who are compelled to be out doors much, to keep cool. As a preventative, it is always a good plan, about an hour before a person feels the first symptoms, to make for the nearest refrigerator. It is not necessary to swallow it; it might prove fatal. Get under it if you can, if not, it would be judicious to get on the inside, and remain there for, say, from 7½ to 9 hours, when perspiration, and perhaps respiration, will have ceased, and the patient will be out of danger. It would be well, where convenient, to keep up the application until the heated term is over.

Great dissatisfaction is felt throughout Russia at the fact that England alone has reaped the actual fruits of a war which has cost Russia hundreds of thousands of lives and nearly all her financial resources. For the losses of that war Russia receives no compensation worth speaking of, but the nation instead is covered with humiliation and shame, while all England is rejoicing at the result. The utter failure of the Russian ambassadors at the Berlin Congress to accomplish anything substantial, for the immense amount of bloodshed and treasure expended in the war, has created a feeling of intense indignation in the Russian capital. Whatever events may arise in the internal political life of Russia, she is left with every incentive to seize on the first occasion to take revenge on England for her victory at the Berlin Congress.

The Itemizer.

The idea is gathered into this column items that relate to persons personally, or to associations of persons, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will be so supplied with items for this column's market as to send them to the Editor.

S. A. Taber venerable father died last March. Mr. and Mrs. Taber, of the New York Institution, are summing at Montreal, Canada.

Mr. Gamag of the New York Institution, has called for Newfoundland to keep cool a few weeks. Mr. and Mrs. H. Jewell, of the New York Institution, are residing in the vicinity of Oneida Lake.

The present prospect is that there will be but one unmarried teacher in the New York Institution next fall.

A Providence, R. I., subscriber says: We like your paper more and more, and feel that we cannot do without it.

Lizzie Dwyer, a little deaf and dumb girl, was drowned last Friday at Sawyer's Mills, Boylston, Mass., while bathing.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Jones, of the New York Institution, occupy the same rooms that in years ago were used by Prof. Alphonso Johnson.

The only New Yorkers who will attend the Columbus Convention, are, at last accounts, Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, Dr. J. L. Peet, and Mr. Gamag.

Phon-Jekins, of the New York Institution, rumor-mongers, has been tendered the principality of the Arkansas Institution. He is a good man for the place.

SEVENTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS' worth of Doctor Killo's History of the Bible were sold at Montreal within six months. Dr. Killo was a deaf-mute.

The Kentucky Deaf-Mute, the Kentucky Institution's paper, is the last that has come to our table since the suspension of all its sister institution publications.

Dr. Peet, of the New York Institution, attended a meeting of up-town enthusiasts of rapid transit and made a speech. Doctor Stoddard, a director of the institution, attended the same meeting.

SAEUEL M. FREEMAN, of Cincinnati, O., writes: The deaf-mutes of America have long been in want of an organ which shall serve as an exponent of their story. At the JOURNAL is the leading deaf-mute newspaper in the country, we all ought to rally to its support.

MATTHEW BUTTS, of Binghamton, N. Y., formerly a carpenter, has turned a shoemaker. He built himself a pleasant cottage adjoining his father's house a year ago. He built nearly all of it himself. Mr. and Mrs. Butts were educated at the Pennsylvania Institution.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. McGill, of Baltimore, Md., who have been spending several weeks in New York, have recently gone to Montreal, Can., which place they made their summer resort last summer. While they are there we should be pleased to receive news items relating to the Canada deaf-mutes.

ROBERT H. HOWARD, of the Rochester Deaf-Mute Institution, is rustication among the bees in Mr. Wilson's yard, Arcade, N. Y. He used to take care of the bees before he was given a position at the institution, and must have gained some knowledge of that business.

DAVID B. GLEN, of Carlisle, Penn., and graduate of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, sailed for Europe, June 12th, on the steamer Denmark from New York. His many friends will be glad to hear of his safe arrival in Europe, and beyond all expectation. He expects to visit Ireland and Scotland, the home of his forefathers, England, the Paris Exposition, Germany, and perhaps may go to Rome to kiss the Pope's toe.

Let the Convention of American Instructors at Columbus, O., August 17th, be fully represented by every institution in the Union, and let it be of more practical benefit to the deaf and dumb than all of its precedents. We suggest that one of the most important subjects taken up for discussion in a frank, impartial and spirited manner be: That small State institutions are more conducive to the intellectual development and physical health of deaf and dumb pupils than large ones.

The following letter, which we copy from the Millington, Ill., Enterprise, is from a deaf-mute to the Senator Brothers, boot and shoe manufacturers of that place, testifying to the superiority of their workmanship.

ROCKFORD, ILL., June 17, '78.

Messrs. SAWYER BROS.,

Millington, Ill.

DEAR SIR:—For several years I have suffered exceedingly from ill-fitting boots and shoes. I have on hand several pairs of gaiter shoes but little worn, thrown aside, because the agony they occasioned made the wearing of them unendurable. The boots you made for me over a year ago have been worn daily ever since, with great comfort, and they sometimes carry me a double mile from door to door with a heavy load of shoes, &c., on my back, which I offer for sale. The last pair of boots you just sent gave me entire satisfaction, and I shall continue to clothe my feet with your \$9.50 boots as long as I am able to pay for them. I desire to recommend any one who has suffered from deformed or tender feet to try boots made by your own hands. Yours truly,

JACOB E. TUTTLE.

CHARLES O. UPHAM, of Watertown, and self, and better half joined the excursion train from Watertown to Saratoga station on the Southern Central railroad, July 17th, to witness the Cornell-Harvard eight-oared freshman race on Oswego Lake. To be brief, we had, in spite of the exceedingly hot weather, a very enjoyable time, had no changing of oars, in going or returning, and, having secured two seats opposite each other, both ways, we had plenty of time for our social chats and luncheon, both before and after the race, besides enjoying the varied sight-seeing through which the train passed. We left our station at 10 A. M. and got back at 10:30 P. M. The crowd of spectators at Saratoga station was no innumerable—estimated from 7,000 to 8,000—that we did not discover any deaf-mutes there until an hour before we left for home; these were Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Taber, and Professor Johnson, of the Rome Institution. There were other mutes there, as we were afterwards informed, among whom was Mrs. John Godfrey, of Auburn, but they were scattered among the great crowd.

The water of Oswego Lake was not entirely calm when the Cornell-Harvard race began. Cornell was about first and paddled to her position on the inside of the course. Harvard followed soon after and halted in position on the outside. The referee gave the word from a moving grand stand, composed of several cars well filled, which accompanied the oarsmen from the start to the terminus, on the Southern Central railroad. The crews seemed to dip water simultaneously, and started at a rate of nearly 40 strokes to the minute. In the first quarter of a mile Cornell had forged half a length ahead, which at the half-mile point was increased to a full length; time 2:30. Cornell rowing forty strokes and Harvard ten less. The mile was made

in 5:22, with Harvard one and a half lengths in the rear. The two miles were passed by Cornell in 11:25, and Harvard in 11:34, each pulling 34.

Previous to reaching this buoy, Harvard made a powerful start, but the superior pluck and dash of Cornell maintained a commanding lead. The last mile assured Cornell victory, and the cheers urging her on from the shore, were tremendous. Cornell crossed the finish line winner by nearly three lengths in 17:13½. Harvard finished at a leisurely stroke in 17:27½.

Great enthusiasm was manifested by the friends of the victorious crew. Courtney was official time keeper.

The Annuals for July, stirred by the example of the Cornell Institution, and feeling strong with a precedent in the background, commits itself to the plan of a draining for leanness of the deaf. If the test, on a completion of the requisite period, is to be anything like that in Germany, it behooves every candidate real or presumptive to at once lay in a file of the Annuals, and study up the theories therein preserved, with what success he can.

WHILE we, here in America, are trying to prove, what very many believe, that, compared with other marriages, the intermarriage of the deaf has no special terrors as regards offspring, we hear from over the sea, from the Westminster Review, that a contributor is combating, with apparent success, the idea that consanguineous marriages are to be dreaded and prevented. Next!

The letters published in the Annuals concerning the remarkable facility in lip-reading and articulation of Miss Edith Agnes Salter, of Boston, who lost her hearing at ten years of age and who has orally mastered several languages—crediting her gift of lip-reading to "instinct"—is "interesting reading." She is one of the few remarkable exceptional cases, which will be made the most of by the articulationists, to encourage the parents of every Tom, Dick and Harry.

CELEBRITY is rapidly being played out at the New York Institution. Mr. Currier and Mr. Jones, teachers, were married, July 1st and July 3d, respectively, the former to a niece of the assistant matron, and the latter to one of the female employees of the institution, a hearing lady. Another marriage is looked for next fall.

Mr. McFall, the champion 100 yard runner of the New York Institution Athletic Club, entered for the 100 yard dash at the New York City match on July 4th. He did not win; probably because he could not hear the pistol shot, the signal of starting; as well as his opponents, but he got a silver medal for being second or third.

THOMAS PEET, son of the late Edward Peet and grandson of Dr. H. P. Peet, has completed a collegiate course at Yale, but declines to enter the profession of his illustrious ancestors on the ground, we understand, that he thinks it more than true that a Peet should shed lustre on something else than an institution for the deaf.

In receiving her subscription to the JOURNAL, Mrs. D. C. Sumner, of Worcester, Mass., says: I would also take this opportunity to express the pleasure your paper has given me through, long months of illness, not only because of its clear, large type, but in enabling me to keep in view very many of my highly-prized deaf-mute friends, of whom I should otherwise have remained in ignorance.

AN EXCITING BOAT RACE.

From the Watkins Democrat.

A lively boat race took place on the regatta course, Seneca Lake, last Thursday evening between F. A. Gates and Russell Smith, (a deaf-mute), both typists in this office. They rowed one mile straightway for the "National Printers' Single Scull Championship."

Quite a large crowd of people (about 10) gathered at the Grand Stand to witness the race. At 7 p. m. the contestants appeared on the scene. Gates was dressed in a pair of pants, while Smith was gaudily attired in a baseball shirt. Both were apparently eager for the "fray." After waiting some time to listen to a dispute in regard to boats, the referee got them off for the starting place, "Bill Joe" Beck furnishing the shells, which were well adapted to the exigencies of the occasion; being furnished with life-preservers, lunch boxes, etc. Every precaution was made by the referee to have the race go off, and for that purpose he procured the services of Detective Nares to keep watch of the "skippers," and not allow them to make any landings during the heat. George Downing, foreman of this office, had charge of the stake boat, sponges, spruce beer, etc. In the referee's boat were Capt. Curry, Jr., Will Ackley and the Fall staff of the Democrat, he acting as referee. At 7:10, everything being ready, the referee gave the signal for starting by jumping from his boat into the lake. Gates led off with a fine start, leading Smith about forty M quads. This distance he kept for about a quarter of a mile, when Smith began to "space out," and caught Gates "sea" and dashed ahead about half a boat length. This he kept for some time, Gates fine English stroke becoming perceptibly slower. As they neared the stake boat Smith put in his terrible "Show-nemotte" stroke, winning the race by about three boat lengths. Time, 9:31. Gates dropping his oars after Smith reached the finish. The victor, on reaching the boat house, was lustily cheered and brought up town on a slanter, where the vanquished Gates bought cigars.

Gates has challenged Smith to row another race with him for \$5 a side and the latter has accepted the challenge, feeling confident of winning the stake. We understand that the race will probably come off in a couple of weeks.

MISERABLENESS.

The most wonderful and marvelous success, in cases where persons are sick or pining away from a condition of miserableness, that no one knows what ails them, (profitable patients for doctors,) is obtained by the use of Hop Bitters. They begin to cure from the first dose and keep it up until perfect health and strength is restored. Whoever is afflicted in this way need not suffer, when they can get Hop Bitters. See "Truths" and "Proverbs" in another column.

It appears by a recent report that 88,000 children are employed in factories in Germany.

Local Paragraphs.

Weather clear and bracing. John Didier has returned from Oswego.

Silas Styles was sick a few days last week.

A. S. Gibson, of Camden, was in town last week.

Rev. W. F. Hemenway was quite unwell last week.

The cool wind and damp weather last Monday were quite reviving.

The hot, dusty weather last week kept the street sprinkler very busy.

Mrs. James Larkin and Ettie are visiting friends in Rome.

Huntington Guards go to Oswego for inspection next Monday.

Five workmen are pushing the work on E. L. Huntington's new house.

Mr. Charles Paddock recently visited some of his friends in Scriba.

Arthur Nelson has been unwell, and had to stop work for a few days.

Miss Fannie Wilder has lately been able to ride out occasionally.

Rev. T. A. Weed, of Scottsville, N. Y., is visiting friends in this village.

Mrs. Diantha Bard and children returned from New York last Thursday.

Mrs. J. C. Taylor spent a few days last week with her father at Sandy Creek.

Wednesday, the 17th, is allowed by all to have been the hottest day so far this year in this locality.

Hon. L. D. Smith is considered a little better, and we hope to see him on the streets again soon.

Levi Vincent, who was injured by the cars at Pulaski, a few weeks since, was buried last Monday.

The party of young men who recently camped out a few days at Mexico Point enjoyed a very nice time.

John Jones, of Prattville, is putting up a house which, when completed, will be both substantial and ornamental.

Huckleberries have lately made their appearance in town. The crop is said to be short, on account of the late dry weather.

W. Frank Severance, of New York, a son of Mrs. Henry Humphries, has lately been spending a few days with his friends in this village.

The Alpha Phi society will give an ice-cream festival, to which all are cordially invited, on the academy grounds, this (Wednesday) evening.

Ned J. Stone, of Baldwinsville has lately been spending a few days in town, and he and "June" are now spending a few days at Osceola.

Elisha Humbley, of New York, a former resident of this town and one of the best hotel bar keepers in the country, has lately been visiting some of his friends in this vicinity.

The life saving service department of the government will soon commence work at Mexico Point, consisting of dredging the channel at the mouth of Salmon Creek, and building a pier.

Van Amburg's circus having concluded to slight our village, those of our citizens wishing to "see the elephant" may find it convenient to have (important?) business in Oswego on the 27th inst.

Many of our citizens were considerably affected by the extraordinarily hot weather of several days last week, especially Wednesday, when one thermometer, at least, is said to have at one time touched 100 in the shade.

Morris Brown and Stebbins Orvis, to whom has been awarded the contract to build the town hall, are very enterprising mechanics, and the taxpayers of this town may rest assured that the work will be well done.

William H. Barr, the obliging young man who has been assisting William Hall at barbering for several months, left on Tuesday last for Watertown, his former home, where, in company with his father, he will continue in the barbering business.

David Bullard, of Orleans county, N. Y., is visiting at L. S. Tiffany's. It is Mr. Bullard's first visit in the place, he having stopped over to make his friends a short call while on his trip to Thousand Islands, for the benefit of his health; and, although he arrived in town sick abed, owing to an acute attack of heart disease, he was pleased with the appearance of the town, and departed feeling more comfortable than when he reached our village.

Mrs. Petrie, an aunt of Mrs. J. C. Taylor, and who has lived with Mr. Taylor's family for several years, died last Saturday about 2 P. M., after a sickness of four years. Mrs. Petrie was a lady of amiable and affectionate disposition, a kind friend, a Christian and, we believe, a member of the Presbyterian church. She had long been a widow, and leaves one son, an only child.

The funeral was held at the residence, at 2 P. M., July 22d, conducted by Rev. J. Q. Adams, pastor of the Presbyterian Church of this village.

The excursion to Oswego Lake, on the 17th inst., took but three persons from this village. The day proved to be the hottest of the season, as far as heard from between Watertown and the focal point towards which the large crowd of pleasure-seekers, from many different quarters, on that day of hot atmospheric pressure converged, with their well-appointed and well-filled lunch baskets. Those, however, who braved the torrid heat and partook of the excursion were most pleased with the trip (as excursionists are always supposed to be) and, as far as we can

learn, expressed great delight at having witnessed the interesting and exciting races between the Cornell and Harvard crews.

The Reheabites of this village and its vicinity held their annual picnic, last Saturday, at Mexico Point. Three large stages, filled with members of the society and their friends, the band wagon, occupied by the Helicon Band, which supplied rare and abundant music, and numerous private wagons and carriages, all filled with pleasure people, left this place at from 10 to 11 A. M. and returned at night. In going, the ride was a warm one, the mercury pointing well upward; but the day was spent amid great glee, and the bracing air on the lake shore had a tendency to sharpen the appetites of the excursionists, for which elaborate provision had been made beforehand with which to meet the urgent demands in such a case. Speech making, boating, bathing and various other animating amusements, highly appreciated by pleasure-seekers, made the occasion one of rare hilarity, and the ride home was cooler and very pleasant.

Ourself, wife, daughter, Mrs. Grace J. Chandler and daughter took a pleasure ride to Mexico Point last Friday evening, enjoying the ride very much. We took occasion while there to embrace the opportunity of visiting the Lake Grove House, on the east side of Salmon Creek. We were shown over the building and so highly delighted with it that we wished we could spare the time to stay a few days. The Lake Grove House is a large, well-constructed, finely-appointed hotel, is a first-class house in every respect, and, with G. A. Marsden for its obliging and experienced proprietor, it affords a magnificent stopping place for transients or regular boarders, where superior accommodations may be had at very reasonable rates, making it a desirable hotel for pleasure and picnic parties. In addition to its already pleasant surroundings and unequalled view of Lake Ontario, and superb facilities for boating, a fine driving track, of circular form, is soon to be constructed near the Lake Grove House, affording fine facilities for pleasure rides and for all who feel inclined to display the metal of their fancy stock or the wondrous speed of their fast steppers.

THE SECRET OF BUSINESS SUCCESS.

It is claimed that Vanderbilt exhibited great nerve and shrewd business sagacity in the purchase of stocks and railroads controlled by him. Yet, whenever he made an investment he received in return an equivalent either as his own, or as collateral security. Dr. R. V. Pierce has invested many hundred thousand dollars in advertising, depending entirely upon the superior merits of his goods for security. The unparalleled popularity of his family medicines, and the annual increase in their sale, attests in arguments stronger than words of their purity and efficiency. If the blood be impoverished, the liver sluggish or there be tumors, blotches, and pimples, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will effect a speedy and perfect cure. If the bowels be constipated use Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. Debilitated females, suffering with those peculiar dragging-down sensations and weaknesses, will find Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription a safe and certain remedy. Prompt relief and a permanent cure have so universally followed its use, that the doctor now sells it under a positive guarantee.

OAKLAND, Douglas Co., Oregon, Jan. 23, 1877.

Dr. FRENCH, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publication of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for, those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

CHURCH NOTICES.

A Good Letter from Rev. A. W. Mann.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Dr. Gallaudet writes me that he expects, Providence permitting, to meet the following appointments for special services in the interests of the "Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes":

Buffalo, N. Y., St. John's Church, August 14th.
 Erie, Pa., St. Paul's " " 15th.
 Cleveland, O., " " " 16th.
 Columbus, " " " 18th.
 Cincinnati, " Christ Church, " 22d.
 Indianapolis, Ind., Cathedral, " 23d.
 St. Louis, Mo., Church of the Holy Communion, August, 25th.
 Springfield, Ill., St. Paul's Church, August 27th.
 Quincy, " St. John's " 28th.
 Cambridge, " Grace " 29th.
 Chicago, " " Sept. 1st.
 Chicago, " Cathedral " 3d.
 Port Wayne, Ind., Trinity Church, " 5th.
 Mansfield, O., Grace " 14th.
 Pittsburgh, Pa., Trinity " 15th.

All the above services will be held in the evening, at about 7:30. In St. Louis and Chicago the services for mutes only will be held at Christ Church, in the first-named city, and St. James Church, in the second, at 3 o'clock, p. m.

All who are interested in this, the church's special work, are asked to assist the undersigned in making the above appointments as widely known as possible. The mutes could easily secure the attendance of their hearing and speaking friends at these services, where they would be sure to learn much of a useful nature regarding the methods of education pursued at the American institutions, of the same kind as the one founded at Hartford in 1817. They will also have the opportunity of forming an intelligent estimate of the value and need of the special efforts of the church toward a class sadly neglected in the great past.

The undersigned expects, Providence permitting, to accompany the Doctor, and assist at the special services.

Yours very truly,

A. W. MANN.

No. 24 Williams St., Cleveland, O., July 9, 1878.

PROFESSOR JOB TURNER BACK IN VIRGINIA.

RATAPAHNOC, FAUQUIER CO., VA., July 13, 1878.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—I arrived here safely, yesterday, from Kentucky. I have stopped here to rest for a day or two preparatory to going North. I have closed my labors for the present, in the South. I look over the field and the work done with much pleasure and satisfaction, fervently trusting that much good has been done, and will yet result from the efforts made in the cause of religion among our class. All I could wish is that I could have had the ability to do more. I trust and pray that Almighty God will abundantly reward and bless those who have so kindly and pleasantly aided and co-operated with me in the ends and aims we pursued for the spiritual welfare of the "silent world." I cannot, myself, sufficiently express my sense of gratitude for kind attentions everywhere shown me.

I expect to start from here in a day or two, and hope before very long to be among you again. Providence permitting, I shall be in Baltimore on Sunday, July 21st; York, Pa., Tuesday, July 23d; Philadelphia, Thursday, July 25th, reaching New York on Friday, the 26th inst., hoping to rest a day there.

All things being equal, I may be expected in Mexico about the 29th inst. I hope by Divine permission to join our valued friend, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, at Marblehead, on the 8th of August, and hold services at St. Paul's Church, Boston, August 11th. I hope to stop at West Henniker, N. H., on my way from Mexico to Marblehead.

Your estimable correspondent in Cincinnati, "An Englishman," to justify me—I take it—asks an explanation from me, in his communication of June 29th. If my friends understood how I am circumstanced, I might receive less censure. I did, when I wrote to Professor McGregor, fully expect to officiate in Cincinnati, on the 16th of June, but I was necessarily delayed a week in making my movements. I know no one would be so uncharitable as to think that I could have made two appointments, simultaneously, for two cities, far apart, to be filled at the same time, with the view of disappointing any one.

I did hold a service at Cincinnati, and a very pleasant one it was, a week later, on the 23d, as the same correspondent very kindly noticed in his letter of July 4th. I was much encouraged by the interest shown. I shall ever cherish the kindness shown me, with grateful esteem. I was the recipient of many courtesies from the friends I found in that city, especially from your regular correspondent, "An Englishman," whose particular kindness, and Professor and Mrs. McGregor's genuine hospitality, I shall never forget. I extremely regret that, by my not reaching Cincinnati on the 16th, I lost the opportunity of meeting with the friends who had traveled so far to attend the services. I hope that in the future it may be so that I shall not disappoint either them or myself.

My health continues good and I feel greatly invigorated. I shall feel privileged, indeed, to enter with zest upon whatever work may fall to my share among my New England friends, whom, with my friends of New York, I shall be much pleased to see again. Fervently wishing you well,

I am very sincerely yours,

JOHN TURNER.

THE PARIS OF AMERICA.

Dark and lowering clouds and a misty atmosphere ushered in the morning of the 13th, and, as we recollected that this was the day set apart for the picnic of the little band of deaf-mutes in and around Cincinnati, we felt "sort of uneasy," and many an anxious glance was cast heavenward in hope of discovering a change for the better. Nor were we disappointed. Within an hour the clouds had dispersed; the sky had assumed its wonted serenity, and old Sol beamed upon us with a fierceness that threatened immediate destruction to standing collars and shirt fronts. But there was no other alternative. The bright day had come and we would have our picnic whether we had to drown in sweat or not; so to the Bellevue House we wended our way. Those unacquainted with Cincinnati's inventive genius might suppose we had selected a hotel as the place of rendezvous, and may well laugh at the idea of a picnic at such a place. But the Bellevue House is only one of the many hill-top resorts for which this city is so famous. There, every day, for seven months in the year at least, music and dancing is carried on to an extent that may indeed appear astonishing when we consider that it is kept up from 3 p. m. until 12 a. m. There, also, amid the delicious notes of the music and the measured tread of the dancers, Bacchus is kept continually busy dispensing his "merry-go-round" to the thirsty, sweltering masses of humanity there congregated. The place is also furnished with a bowling alley and a garden for croquet, quoits, etc., etc. No other spot would have suited the purpose better. And there at nine o'clock that morning the silent people assembled for a day's enjoyment, and, truly, a happier hour could not be found at any time or anywhere. The committee of arrangements, of whom mention has been made in a previous number of the JOURNAL, were unsparring in their efforts to make the affair as lively and enjoyable as possible, especially Messrs. McGregor and Runkel, who kept themselves in a continual perspiration by running hither and thither and seeing that we had all that was promised on the programme. I ought also to mention Mr. Tony Byrne, who, always ready and willing to sacrifice his own pleasure in behalf of that of his fellow-mutes, stood all day at the gate, like a hero, collecting tickets and admission fees. Such patience and self-sacrifice is rare, and, for conducting himself so nobly, Mr. B. will please accept our thanks, and rest assured that he has raised himself in the esteem of his associates in Cincinnati.

Towards eleven o'clock about fifty mutes had assembled and while engaged in various games, the sun became hid behind a bank of clouds—inky in their blackness—and, before we knew it, the rain was descending in torrents. Thanks to the immense pavilion, however, we escaped a drenching. But fears were entertained that the storm would prevent many from attending who would otherwise be present. We were glad then when the storm rolled away and the sun shone forth once more. Towards evening the number of deaf-mutes in attendance had swelled to 104, thanks to Mr. Cately's ever ready pencil.

We need not tell your readers we had a fine time. Who could expect differently? Whenever the Cincinnati boys get together, under the leadership of such a committee as we had then, there's fun for us, even though we don't have to resort to whiskey. We don't recognize whiskey as a starter. "No, sir, bob." A jolly fellow, a wit and a joke were all that was necessary, and, bless you, there were plenty of either kind. First comes Mr. Sutton, of gymnasium fame, and the way he acted was enough to make us laugh until the tears started. We could not repress our merriment when we saw him in the bowling alley, rolling those balls, in the vain attempt to knock the pins down. The balls would roll from one side to another of the elevated floor, and every time they did so Mr. S. would wriggle and snap his fingers in such a manner as made the spectators laugh outright. It is needless to say he scored 0 several times. In one of his three throws, however, he reached as high as 19. We fear Mr. Sutton nearly wriggled his spinal column out of joint, as he was seen to lean a little to one side after leaving the bowling alley. Then there were Messrs. J. Long Park, Greener, Waite, Patterson and Mr. McGregor, whose way of "putting it" brought down the house. Mr. Waite still speaks kindly of Brother Baalam. Brother B. will please take notice.

Rev. A. W. Mann graced the occasion with his presence. He had a kind word for all and seemed to enjoy himself hugely. At the service, which he conducted the next afternoon, he spoke on "Man as a social being," and referring briefly to the gathering of the previous day, said that he was in favor of such gatherings now and then; that it was natural for us; that our language drew us together, even as men of a common language or nationality are drawn together in a foreign country. Just before commencing his sermon he told us that Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Gallaudet would be here on the 22d of August, and that the Doctor would lecture in Christ Church, on Fourth street, near Broadway, that evening, at 7:30.

But I must return to the account of the picnic. At 3 p. m. the band appeared. For a while their music fell on deaf ears, and there was no dancing. At length one of the members of the school board induced Miss Gals, formerly of the New York Institution, to step out on the dancing floor, and the dancing commenced in earnest.

the stragglers of hearing and speaking persons soon grew into a crowd, and before dark the dancing hall was crowded to its utmost capacity. Among the number present I noticed many of Cincinnati's highest and most respected citizens. Mayor Moore and Ex-Mayor Johnson together with many business men of prominence looked in upon the scene, and seemed much pleased. I noticed many Hebrews in the crowd, and I may as well state here that they rank among our warmest friends. Their dancing was perfection itself. Speaking of the dancing, several amusing mishaps occurred, the funniest of which was a big burly German falling prone upon the floor in the midst of a quadrille. He must have had his nose scratched.

Taken all in all the affair was an immense success—more so than the most enthusiastic could have hoped. Mr. McGregor is highly pleased with the result, and says he will have another picnic, on a grander scale, next year.

Among the deaf-mutes of prominence present, besides those already mentioned, were Messrs. A. B. Davis, Hathfield, Carr, McAdams, Josie Goldman, Barclay and others; Messrs. Guard, Barry, Cook, Gould, and other celebrated belles femmes.

M. JOURNAL.

Cincinnati, O., July 15, 1878.

THE COLUMBIA GROVE PICNIC.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Now that the excursion season is at its zenith, the Manhattan Deaf-Mute Literary Association and its many friends celebrated their fifth annual picnic, July 10th, at Columbia Grove, on Long Island Sound, some twenty-eight miles from this city. The morning was ushered in with heavy clouds overspreading the summer sky, which proved to be a sure harbinger of rain, and rain it did in the middle of the afternoon.

Notwithstanding the threatening aspect of the weather, the excursionists were bound not to be cheated out of their long-expected enjoyment, both on land and water. At early break of day many arose to make ready for the trip to the grove. Baskets, tin pails, cups, saucers, plates, and what not, were called into service, to hold the lots of good things which had been got ready for this special occasion.

The same large, commodious steamer, the Fort Lee, which last year took about four hundred pleasure-seekers to Tappan Zee, was again chartered by the association. As early as eight o'clock in the morning the boat touched at the Twenty-fourth street pier, where several deaf-mutes and their friends were taken on board. The next place was at Canal street, where more were added to the number. After passing the Brooklyn bridge the Fort Lee found herself on the East River, steadily moving on up to the Eighth street dock. Here, after waiting some half an hour for the steamer, the last accession came on board. There was a good deal of passing of fans among the fair sex, and not a little shaking of hands and touching hats on the part of the gentlemen.

All on board and everything ready, the plank was pulled in, the steamer plashed her way up stream and, soon after, we passed through the well-known Hell Gate. Everybody appeared to be in excellent spirits and the little ones looked as happy as children always do when going on a picnic excursion.

On arriving at the Grove, about two o'clock, a cannon was fired as a welcome greeting to those on board the Fort Lee, and soon the whole party left the steamer to find seats and tables at which to partake of the nice lunches, which had been carefully stowed away in baskets and satchels on leaving home in the morning.

Having thus appeased the cravings of hunger made keener by the long sail, some ascended the long, sloping hill-top to stroll about, sit down on the grass under the shade of a large spreading tree, or to run at large.

Quite a number went to the place where dancing could be enjoyed. Here Mr. James M. Boyd delighted the lookers-on with his skill at dancing the Highland fling and sword dance. Young Boyd is a native of Glasgow, Scotland, and he is a graduate of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

Some two hours were spent at the grove, and, just before returning to the boat, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet mounted one of the benches and made some appropriate remarks worthy of the occasion.

At four o'clock every one made preparation to go back to the steamer. I regret that a few tardy ones were left behind. As the Fort Lee began to move out into the river the cannon was again fired, as a parting salute. As the boat was ploughing her way down the stream, a heavy thunder shower came and, ostensibly on the action of some of the gentlemen, the awnings were pulled down and some got drenched to the skin.

In conclusion, permit me to say that the inmates of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes went to Columbia Grove and enjoyed themselves exceedingly. Many thanks are due to Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, who took them under his kind fatherly care. By his good forethought he had procured two carriages to convey the inmates to the Eighth street dock. On their way home he again looked after them, and saw them all safe at the Home. Thanks are also due to Miss Jane Middleton, the kind matron of the Home, for the nice lunches which she prepared for the occasion. Mr. D. H. Key lent a kind helping hand by seeing the inmates safely to the steamer. Mr. W. A. Bond, chairman of the committee, was, perhaps, the hardest work-

er of all; for work hard he did with might and main. Mr. W. Fitzgerald, President of the Manhattan Literary Association, was not idle, and much credit is due to all who helped to keep order and make everything pass off peaceably and pleasantly.

No less than five hundred persons attended the picnic, which was a larger number than were present last year. This is certainly most encouraging to the association. Next year, we all hope to see the number duly increased. Deaf-mutes came from Brooklyn, Williamsburg, Greenpoint, Tarrytown, Harlem, and from many parts of New Jersey. New England was represented by Messrs. Ira H. Derby, J. H. Newhall and Ira William Krause. I name only a few of the others present, among whom were: Mrs. Gallaudet, Mrs. Bailey and Mrs. Fitzgerald; Misses C. D. Clapp, Sallie Howard and L. C. Gray; Messrs. E. A. Harding and T. J. Godfrey.

Everybody expressed the remark that they had had a very enjoyable time. Homeward bound the Fort Lee first landed at the Eighth street dock, which it reached about half-past seven in the evening.

I hope that all reached their homes safe and sound, without having met with any mishaps. Where our next picnic will be is as yet a thing of the future.

I nearly forgot to say that Mr. Gilbert Hicks and his cousin, Miss Anna Hicks, both of Old Westbury, L. I., rode twenty miles to the grove to participate in the enjoyments of the picnic. They seemed very glad to meet so many of their friends. VIOLA.

New York, July 11, 1878.

HOW WE ENJOYED IT.

An Incident of the New York Deaf-Mutes' Excursion.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Before proceeding with this description of our part of the excursion lately given by the Manhattan Deaf-Mute Literary Association, I beg of your correspondent, "Great Unknown," or whoever he may be, pardon for having undertaken to furnish this part of the story for the JOURNAL. The reason I make this mendicant precaution is simply to acknowledge that, because I am not a New Yorker, I have no right to furnish your paper with an item which would fairly devolve upon your correspondent. But, since I am sure he was not one of our number at the specified time and place I refer to, I do claim the right and pleasure of writing this for your paper.

Well, soon after sitting for photographs at the grove, it was proposed by Miss Clapp that she, Miss Howard, Mr. Heyman and I should take a stroll along the road and enjoy the quiet, but all-enchanting scenery. The proposition was unanimously seconded, though we only had three-quarters of an hour left. Accordingly we soon found ourselves about half a mile from the landing place, and were enjoying a pleasant *tete a tete* on the grass as well as gnawing away vigorously at some kind of gum, better known to the confectioner, which one of our party had taken the precaution to purchase. The idea, at length, occurred to us to compare watches.

This was an important part in the great drama of what "might have been," for if such a comparison had only been made a few minutes earlier, all might have been right, or, may be, all might have been much worse than we afterwards found it, and I am unable to determine which, although it looks as if the former might have been the verdict. The discovery that it was nearly 4 p. m., made us spring up and "promenade" in double-quick fashion toward the landing, where we hoped to find the boat which was to take us back to New York city. On arriving there, what could be more disappointing than to find all gone? "A horse! a horse! a kingdom for a horse!" would neither give adequate vent to our feelings of disappointment nor be an appropriate exclamation for what good could a horse do? It was evident a horse could neither convey us thirty-five miles back to New York by galloping or swimming on Long Island Sound. Our next thought was turned to a railroad station, but there was none within convenient distance; then a telegraph was the next theme, by which means we thought of telegraphing to New York, and thus prevent any further alarm which might distress the parents of the young ladies, who were liable to think some greater accident had happened. But alas! no such means of telegraphing was nearer than the railroad station. We then concluded to be resigned to our fate. We soon met a gentleman who kindly offered to procure temporary board and lodging for us at a farm house, where he and his family were staying for the summer. Finding nothing better could be done, surely we were thankful for as much as that. On our way to the house we were caught in a thunder shower from which, owing to the protection our umbrellas afforded, only our feet suffered drenching "to the bone." After supper, when the storm had satisfied itself with its fury, and it had cleared up, we took a walk along the bank of a small stream. In the course of our walk we were shown a large tree, which had been struck and felled by lightning during the storm. I now contradict the assertion that "misfortunes never come singly," for we learned that this particular tree had been struck just a little after we passed near it, in endeavoring to reach the farm house, and forgetting all cares but the mosquito "bites," we can say we enjoyed ourselves to our heart's content. Indeed, we laughed so much that there seemed to be no end to the

hilarity, and doubtless the boarding and resident families, who gathered around us, wondered how under the moon deaf-mutes could enjoy themselves so much. For my part, I felt "as happy as a big sun flower," although, until the morning of that day, I had even been a perfect stranger to my three new-found friends. But now we concluded that the familiarity, which had so much to do with our pleasant conversations, did not, by virtue of our deafness, violate the rules of etiquette. Taking this as a plea, formality was almost unknown to us, and we soon thought we were friends of ten years' standing. Perhaps something else, which tended to discard formality, was owing to our friends, who proved to be common acquaintances, and, of course, this served as a passport to our freedom of manners.

At last, when we had all gone to bed, and only the rays of the silvery moon kept their vigils, I became aware that my chamber was the dining-hall of a species of mosquitoes, vulgarly termed "galley-nippers." I also soon found that I was attacked like a besieged city. The idea occurred to me that soap and water might keep them three inches further off. So I jumped out of bed, and smeared my face and hands with the necessary compound. But, lo! I discovered that this was only an experiment, which made them bite the more—and how they did bite! If they had been of the finny tribe and I a fish-book, there might have been some pleasure in the fun, but as it was, there was neither pleasure nor fun about it; at least to me there was none. I soon concluded the best thing to do was to wash all the sticky stuff off, which I accordingly did, and made another experiment with kerosene oil obtained from the lamp. This was my "crowning glory," and during the rest of the night I was excused from serving in the important passive business of being "grub" for the little pests.

The next morning found us up, all well and in good spirits, and, after enjoying a breakfast whose bill of fare was chiefly made up of muffins, honey, ham (two years and a half old, nearly as tough as leather and as briny as the "salt, salt sea") and eggs, we bid good bye to all connected with the household, and started for the wharf. After waiting a while a steamer conveyed us to New York, where we arrived after a three hours' most pleasant trip, and an almost continual laugh at the jokes which were being continually cracked. That laugh must really have been a very long one, for it measured either thirty-five miles long or three hours in duration. After arriving at home, we learned that there was a "tiff" on board the excursion steamer which had left us behind, and that when Nebel "was carried off the crowd rushed after him in such numbers that the guards on one side nearly touched the water. The boat officers were obliged to push them back to avoid an upset." Who knows but that if we had been on board our combined weight might have lent additional danger to the little craft! And alas! it would have more particularly endangered the lives of the five hundred silent souls on board.

J. T. E.

Philadelphia, Pa., July 13, 1878.

THE EXCURSION.

THE VOICE OF THE PRESS—VIEWS GIVEN BY OUR CORRESPONDENTS—A LETTER FROM W. A. BOND—SC., & C.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Erroneous reports in the daily papers concerning the second annual excursion of the Manhattan Literary Association compels me to sit down and write up an accurate report, which will be the only and most correct report given you.

The elegant steamer Fort Lee, which had been chartered by the association, lay at the foot of West Twenty-fourth street. Upon the arrival of the chairman of the excursion he signalled the captain to move to the wharf at West Twenty-fifth street so as to avoid the Albany boats, which were to land before the Fort Lee could have time to leave her moorings. Before 8 o'clock there were more than 100 deaf-mutes on board, and at least fifty friends and parents of the one hundred. The tickets (500) which had been issued gave out and the chairman had to issue more, with this legend, "Good for one person."

All aboard at 8:15 the chairman gave orders for the start and the Fort Lee was soon seen steaming toward Canal street, against wind and tide. At Canal street about fifty more were taken on board. Many at Canal street had journeyed from Newark, N. J., and Philadelphia. Orders for starting once more being given, the steamer left and rounded the Battery, with a strong tide. Those on board were overjoyed. At East Eighth street there was a large and steamer taking on board the children of the Sixth Street Baptist Church, who were to enjoy their excursion. Some high words ensued between the policeman on the barge and the chairman, but the barge and its load was soon off, and the Fort Lee made her fastenings, and what a rush there was. The tickets were doled out at one end and all passed into the ticket box. It was over an hour before the steamer started for the grove. There were more than two hundred and fifty deaf-mutes at Eighth street, and about one hundred friends and relatives. In all there were 550 or more, and the steamer with her load and her bunting showed a holiday attire. The sail was a pleasant one when the sun peeped out, and you and your readers can imagine what was on board. A sail of thirty-five miles on Long Island Sound, in the hot sun! We passed Hell Gate,

Randall's Island, Blackwell's Island, the House of Refuge and Fort Schuyler, and arrived at the grove at 10 o'clock, having been on the water about five hours. On our arrival at Columbia Grove a brazen cannon saluted us. When all were conducted safely to the dock, there was a rush for the cliff, a dense wood, giving ample room for groups. From the landing to the cliff it is only a few yards' walk. Luncheon having been spread and partaken of, your correspondent, who was invited to take luncheon with Mrs. John A. Dunlap, got filled with all the luxuries that could be found on the table. All over the grove there were groups. The trees were plentiful, and from the top of the bluff the view was a very beautiful one.

After luncheon the maidens and youngsters indulged in every kind of sport. Some played ball, some danced, some went out and swam, others lay down, some flirted, and many drank and smoked, while the chairman indulged in a "sun-baking" stroll on the steamer. Mr. Randol Douglass was present with his photographic implements and worked finely till some "green-horn" knocked over one of the acids, and by this loss the photographer, who traveled from Newark, was put to a standstill. Mr. James Boyd indulged in some of his Scotch dances, and some others danced jigs and banjos to the time of no music. Dr. Gallaudet spoke in his lofty style, and at the conclusion of his remarks he complimented the chairman of the excursion on the work and success he had undertaken. Mr. Fitzgerald was about to speak when the chairman rushed up and brushed among the excursionists, shouting at the top of his voice, "Boat leaves soon," and waving his "bamboo." This signal put an end to the literary exercises of the day, and the committee, soon after seeing the signal of the chairman, brushed through the trees and swept the grove clean of its occupants, and in less than half an hour the 550 were on board. Two young ladies and two young gentlemen crawled away before the reach of the committee, and, when it was made known to the manager, he sent out his committee, who marched through the grove at the pace of three feet per second, but the search for the missing young New York bloods was fruitless. The committee reported their failure to find the missing four, to the manager, and when the watches told us that it was four o'clock the whistle blew and five minutes later the Fort Lee swung out into the blue waters of Long Island Sound, amid the roar of a brazen cannon, which welcomed the excursionists in the morning.

The clouds began to look dark and the excursionists had to find shelter when the rain came down. The homeward run was cooler than the outward trip, and, after the rain, you can not imagine what a scene presented itself. Great credit is due to the following committee who worked with herculean patience, and to the thanks of the whole party is due: Messrs. T. I. Godfrey, T. A. Froehlich, A. Guggenheimer, F. T. Brown, F. Campbell, Leo Loewenstein, G. Burruck, J. H. Diamond, J. McCune, F. Klingman, H. Frey, Jas. Hogan, and J. Heinemann. President Fitzgerald also deserves great credit for his untiring efforts to make the occasion a complete success. Last year Mr. F. Campbell saw fit to name Mr. W. A. Bond as the manager, and to Mr. Campbell the deaf-mutes owe their thanks, because the excursion turned out successful. This year President Fitzgerald followed Mr. Campbell and gave the excursion reins to Mr. Bond; and through his "driving" the excursion has proved a larger and more successful one. President Fitzgerald must feel proud of his success, and the excursionists will never forget the portly frame of Mr. Fitzgerald. Next year the chairmanship will be decided by the president, who will be elected in March, 1879.

It was a great surprise to many to see that Boston was well represented, as was Poughkeepsie, Tarrytown, Newark, Philadelphia, Paterson and Long Island. It is useless for me to give you the names of the many persons present; it would take up too much space if I should attempt it; another reason, neither could I remember the many who were present. Could any one remember the names when in the "tight squeeze" of 550, without using paper or pencil? So it is with me.

I say thanks to the Manhattan Literary Association and its efficient officers, as well as its numerous members, and in closing I must say adieu to the second annual excursion of the association. To the President and the committee above-named I wish a life-long success.

F. A. S.

New York, July 16, 1878.

When a man opens his front gate, only to meet his wife's face at the door radiant with pleasure, and hears the shout from the eager children, "Papa is coming," it is safe, as a rule, to lend that man money. He is honest, and will repay it if he can. [Cleveland Herald.] Don't be misled by the Cleveland Herald. There are hundreds of men who love their families, and spend every cent upon them—every cent that can be borrowed. Some of the most loving families in the world are the deepest in debt, and are ready at any time to sacrifice every creditor they have for each other.

Mr. Abram Ellsworth, of Port Ewen, Ulster County, N. Y., says: "Dr. Kennedy amputated my leg near the thigh joint. He used the Favorite Remedy to prevent the return of the bone diseases and I am now a well man." (Cleveland Herald.)

It seems impossible that a remedy made of such common, simple plants as Hops, Buchu, Mandrake, Dandelion, &c., should make so many and such marvelous and wonderful cures as Hop Bitters do, but when old and young, Pastor and Doctor, Lawyer and Editor all testify to having been cured by them, you must believe and try them yourself, and doubt no longer. See other column.

THE CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF-MUTES.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—As our friend Mr. Job Turner desired to carry a little longer at the South, I conducted the monthly service for deaf-mutes in St. Paul's Church, Boston, last Sunday afternoon. There was quite a good congregation present. I preached from a part of the 40th verse of the sixth chapter of the Gospel according to St. Luke: "Every one that is perfect shall be as his Master." At 6 p. m. I went to Salem, and at 7:45, in St. Peter's Chapel, conducted a service for deaf-mutes. Besides preaching on the same subject I had taken for the afternoon, I tried to explain the difference between the "society idea" and the "church idea."

On Monday morning I had a consultation with Mr. Swett in relation to the Industrial Home, and with Mr. William Bailey in relation to his work for the future. After long reflection, Mr. and Mrs. Bailey had decided to become communicants of the Episcopal church. Mr. Bailey will be one of my associates in "The Church Mission to Deaf-mutes." I trust the Lord will guide him and make him very useful to his brethren.

Before leaving Salem I made pleasant calls on Mrs. Southwick, with whom Mrs. Swett was staying, and also on Mr. and Mrs. Packard.

I had for my fellow traveler to New York the Rev. Dr. Aray, rector of St. Peter's, Salem, who was about to sail to England for his health.

I think Mr. Job Turner will conduct the service in St. Paul's Church, Boston, on Sunday, August 11th, at 3 p. m. The Rev. A. W. Mann arrived yesterday and will be my guest for a few days. Yours sincerely,

THOMAS GALLAUDET.

New York, July 21, 1878.

A LETTER FROM BISHOP SEYMOUR.

The following letter from the Right Reverend G. F. Seymour, the newly-consecrated Bishop of the Diocese of Springfield, to the Rev. A. W. Mann, will doubtless prove interesting to our readers:

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., July 15, 1878: MY DEAR BROTHER:—Your interesting note of the 11th instant reached me on the 13th. The Rev. Dr. Gallaudet is a very dear friend of mine, and you and your people are very dear to my heart in sympathy and love. It will give me the most sincere pleasure to promote in every way in my power the efforts which may be made to bring my mute brethren to the church and the church to them. I will hand your note to the Rev. Mr. Phillips, now in charge of St. Paul's Parish in this town, and request him to correspond with you. I expect to return east after August 4th, and should you have occasion to write to me, please address me at the General Theological Seminary, West Twentieth street and Ninth avenue, New York city.

With sincere fraternal regard, faithfully yours,

GEORGE F. SEYMOUR.

Street to the Rev. A. W. Mann, 24 Williams street, Cleveland, O.

A WOMAN'S CONSCIENTIOUSNESS.

The Haverhill, Mass., Gazette tells this story:—Perhaps the reader has noticed while journeying upon the Boston and Lowell Railroad, at Willow Bridge, Somerville, a plain but substantial neat brick house upon the hill, only a moment's walk from the station. Its doors have not been opened for twelve years. Twelve years ago one of the brightest and smartest mechanics in our bustling city—young, handsome, whose only apparent fortune was his daily wages of which he was very careful, saving all he could for the one bright object of his life, which was to marry her whom he had won, as soon as they could get money enough to commence housekeeping—was engaged to a charming young girl. She was conscientious to a fault, brought up in the most puritanical of Puritan families, good, pure and beautiful. One bright morning in spring he invited her to take a drive in the suburbs. They halted after about an hour's drive in front of this house. He asked her how she liked it. Of course she wished it was theirs; they could be so happy if they only had a home like that. He invited her in. The house had just been completed, and very nicely finished. Judge of her surprise when he quietly informed her that the property was his, that he owned it, and, of course, wanted an explanation. How, then, did he come in possession of so much property? He tried to avoid the question, but she was firm. He finally told her that he drew \$20,000 in some lottery scheme, and with its funds built and furnished this home for her. She turned upon him as though he was the veriest gambler, voting then and there that she would never be his wife until he gave back the property which he had gained by what she termed unlawful means. She scorned all efforts of his to induce her to occupy the house. They separated; parted at the door, which has not been opened since. The furniture remains the same to-day as when they left it twelve years ago, except what age has done. Both are wanderers upon the face of the earth, both lives blasted.

IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE

That a remedy made of such common, simple plants as Hops, Buchu, Mandrake, Dandelion, &c., should make so many and such marvelous and wonderful cures as Hop Bitters do, but when old and young, Pastor and Doctor, Lawyer and Editor all testify to having been cured by them, you must believe and try them yourself, and doubt no longer. See other column.

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